The match is made and all is done,
Your sonne shall haue my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thanke you sir, where then doe you know best
We be affied and such assurance tane,
As shall with either parts agreement stand.

Bap. Not in my house *Lucentio* for you know
Pitchers haue eares, and I haue maine seruants,
Besides old *Gremio* is harkning still,
And happilie we may be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you,
There doth my father lie: and there this night
Weele passe the businesse priuately and well:
Send for your daughter by your seruant here,
My boy shall fetch the Scriuener presently,
The worst is this that at so slender warning,
You are like to haue a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:
Cambio hie you home and bid *Bianca* make her readie straight:
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentios father is arriued in *Padua*,
And how she's like to be *Lucentios* wife.

Biond. I pray the Gods she may with all my heart.
Exit.

Tran. Dallie not with the Gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Petr.

Signior *Baptista* shall I leade the way,
Welcome one meane is like to be your cheere,
Come sir we will better it in *Pisa*.

Bap. I follow you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What I ill thou *Biondello*.

Biond. You saw my Master winke and laugh vpon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Biond. Faith nothing: but has left me here behinde to expound the meaning or morrall of his signes and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them.

Biond. Then thus: *Baptista* is safe talking with the deceiuing Father of a deceitfull sonne.

Luc.

Luc. And what of him?

Biond His daughter is to be brought by you to the su

Luc. And then.

Bion. The old Priest at Saint *Lukes* Church is at yo
mand at all houres.

Luc. And what of all this.

Bion. I cannot tell, expect they are busied about a c
fett assurance: take you assurance of her *Cum preuilegio ad*
mendum solem, to th' Church take the Priest, Clarke, a
sufficient honest witnesses:
If this bee not that you looke for, I haue no more to say
But bid *Bianca* farewell for euer and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou *Biondello*.

Biond. I cannot tarrie: I knew a wench married in a
noone as she went to the Garden for Parseley to stuffe a Ra
so may you sir: and so adew sir, my Master hath appoint
goe to Saint *Lukes* to bid the Priest be readie to come ag
come with your appendix.

Luc. I may and will if she be so contented:
She will be pleasd, then wherefore should I doubt:
Hap what hap may, Ile roundly go about her:
It shall go hard if *Cambio* go without her.

Enter Petruchio Kate Hortensio.

Petr. Come on a Gods name, once more towards our f
Good Lord how bright and goodly shines the Moone.

Kate. The Moone, the Sunne: it is not Moone-light n

Pet. I say it is the Moone that shines so bright.

Kate. I know it is the Sunne that shine, so bright.

Pet. Now by my mothers sonne, and that's my selfe,
It shall be moone, or starre, or what I list,
Or ere I iourney to your Fathers house:
Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe
Euer more crost and crost, nothing but crost.

Hort. Say as he saies, or we shall neuer goe

Kate Forward I pray, since we haue come so farr,
And be it moone, or Sunne, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush Candle:
Henceforth I vowe it shall be so for me.